



In the Society Circus—A Fiery Steed.



The A. B. C. Circus of "High-Salaried" Entertainers.

## BROCKVILLE'S FETE OF NATIONS

**A**MID all the excitement of election month, the town of Brockville, where the Minister of Railways and Canals finds a happy home, undertook a whole week of festivities, all in behalf of the General Hospital. Canada is not greatly given to picturesque or unusual entertainment. We Canadians go south—way down to the Gulf of Mexico—to see the Mardi Gras, and across the ocean to behold Rome or Florence in carnival array. However, even in this land of Anglo-Saxon sobriety, we occasionally hold a fete or celebration, in which gaily-decked booths and bright-hued costumes make an effective patch of colour.

In the pretty town on the St. Lawrence the "Fete of Nations and Society Circus," held in the Armoury proved a success both from the aesthetic and financial standpoints and the hospital funds were increased by four thousand dollars, while the citizens thoroughly enjoyed a week of hilarity. The Ladies' Auxiliary of which Mrs. G. P. Graham is president, superintended the undertaking and naturally rejoice in its success. The first building of the hospital was erected during the latter part of 1888 and various additions have been made until the total cost of the buildings and equipment exceeds forty thousand dollars. The institution is so largely dependent on voluntary contributions for its maintenance that it needs the constant and generous support of Brockville citizens.

Brockville has a natural beauty such as few communities possess, and, when to the majesty of the St. Lawrence and its islands is added the rich colouring of Autumn woods and hills, there is afforded a scenic background for human sport or merry-making that is a pageant in itself. Brockville was among the earliest towns to evolve a "Made-in-Canada Fair," which has been taken as example in so many Canadian cities since its first appearance, as an advertisement of home industries and an aid to local charities. It is the women of the country who are constantly looking for new entertainments with which to coax the pennies from the public. So it will be of interest to the feminine world to learn of the way in which Brockville managed the grand march of nations.

Each evening there was a pageant representing national costumes and characteristics with Miss

Canada and the provinces of the Dominion at the head. England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France and the United States were also gayly and picturesquely presented before an admiring public. The "hub" of the fete, according to the *Brockville Times* was the large Canadian booth erected in the centre of the hall. Here the provinces were found with the products of each for sale, including dairy products, home comforts, candies, honey, cereals, flour, homespun, rubber goods, vegetables, fruits, notions of all kinds, including Christmas cards and calendars.

The description of the Scotch and Irish booths gives an excellent idea of how the fete was given colour and individuality. The latter stood to the east of the Canadian and with its thatched roof and profusion of shamrocks gladdened the eyes of every son and daughter of Erin. The genuine Blarney stone and a true descendant of an Irish king were among the attractions of this emerald booth, while a plentiful supply of blackthorns, articles of bog oak, real Irish lace and linen appealed to patriotic memories and aesthetic taste. The Scotch booth, with its fishermans, Highland lassies and pipers gay, would make any descendant of Bruce or Wallace spend his last bawbee on oat cakes, short bread, butter Scotch or any other of the dainties which the Caledonian loves. No other booth lends itself more readily to historic touches than that which the plaidie and the heather make resplendent. Germany is the land of fairy tales and gorgeous toys and even October is not too early to begin to think of the various dolls and horns which are to fill small stockings on Christmas Eve. A French booth suggests everything of the daintiest order in lace, embroidery and perfumes, while an Italian department would, of course, have roast chestnuts and fruits in abundance.

There is no entertainment of this order now complete without a representation of the Orient, in Chinese curios and Japanese tea-rooms, while the Dutch booth, with dairy delicacies is sure to suggest the Land of the Windmill.

To the stirring music of the Band of the 41st Regiment, the grand march of nations took place each night, with banners a-flutter and all stepping proudly. Then followed the society circus, a clever burlesque of that event which gladdened our child-

hood days and left wonderful memories of tigers and tinselled gowns. Clowns and equestrians were applauded loudly, while a fair "equestrienne" performed marvellous feats for the benefit of the breathless audience. Nor were circus refreshments lacking. Peanuts, popcorn and the pinkest of lemonade added to the gaiety of what proved a most amusing "take-off" on circus joys.

The five photographs reproduced on this page show the thoroughness with which the various performers entered into the spirit of this fete of nations and society circus, making it a "jollification" and pageant to be remembered. It also elicited from admiring spectators "appreciation" to the melodious tune of several thousand dollars.

### In Bulgaria

**T**O-DAY Bulgaria boasts of some six thousand teachers; she has a network of railways; roads have been constructed; public buildings erected; agriculture encouraged. New towns have sprung up, and there are fairly good harbours on the Black Sea. The Army is well trained, and Bulgaria may be stated to be more Western in its civilisation than Oriental—a great evolution indeed.

Whatever may be his shortcomings, the prince who is now Czar of the Bulgarians has shown great resource and inexhaustible patience, and he is certainly largely responsible for the relative welfare of his country. He has been assisted in his task by his people. The average Bulgarian is hard-working, level-headed, and intelligent.

As I write there rises before me the picture of that beautiful country, vividly I recall Tirnovo and the quaint little villages of the neighbourhood, where pretty women, with their parted Madonna style and wearing sequins and glass trinkets, distil attar of roses, and sing as they work, while the men gaily plough the fields behind their massive buffaloes. For Bulgaria is a land of corn and a land of roses. To-day the peasantry have left the fields and the villages. They throng to Sofia, the capital, and to Tirnovo, the capital of old. For Bulgaria has declared its independence, and their beloved Prince is now Czar!—ROGER DE CHATELUX in *Daily Mail*.



Pierrot Leading the Parade.



Pierrette in Parade.



Some Star Performers.